Mis escritos

Loving the unlovable

agosto 30, 2025

There is truly nothing more horrifying than knowing that what you're feeling right now is not just a simple crush, based on purely physical appearances, first impressions that aligned with something you were craving at the moment, or just meeting someone when you wanted something that anyone could have given you. The feeling that the more you get to know someone the more you like them, the more you feel the unbearable pain in your chest every time you see them doing something without you, even being as small as a conversation.

And the worst part is that the other person doesn't, can't actually, know that, because it might ruin what you have know, most of the time a friendship, and those are the worst, because you spend to much time with them, so much time that you use to get to know each other, about their interests, their views about the world, that most of the time will

most align with yours, so it will force you to think in a different way to understand them, and that's beautiful, at least for some people like me.

It's difficult to tell where the line between a really good friendship and a crush, I think they both require a deep level of appreciation to have for the other person, so is it just sexual? Is a crush just your hormones telling you that the person you're interacting with could be great to just alleviate an impulse? I like to believe that it is more than that, i think that in a crush there is space for that, but also passion, interest, and a feeling that just feels right.

And at least for me it has always felt like I'm some kind of asshole, like I'm lying to them. And it's not like I'm pretending to be their friend while brewing some evil scheme behind their back, but more as they approach the friendship as just that, friendship, with nothing more profound that just 2 humans hanging out to pass the time, maybe form a nice simple bond, meanwhile I'll always want more. I sometimes feel that just by having these feelings I am hurting both of us, that I should say what I feel and if they don't feel the same just leave... But i cant bring myself to do that, I don't care about the fact that I'm being selfish, that in the end nothing will finish like a romantic movie, and that most likely I will never say anything or we will stop hanging out, right now the only thing I care about... is just talking to them.

The hardest realisation is maybe the other person not knowing, maybe it's because we morbidly enjoy the suspense of not knowing if they feel the same, maybe it's because, if they don't, you'll ruin what you have, and some people would rather never know, never attempt to try to say what they feel, never try and get that right moment on a starry night, or on a calming drive in the car, to try and express something as simple and as poetic as love, never maybe ruin it, because of fear.

I guess I am, in the end, a part of those people

Images:

'The fall' by Alan Stephen Foster

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Shot from Luimelia theatre show